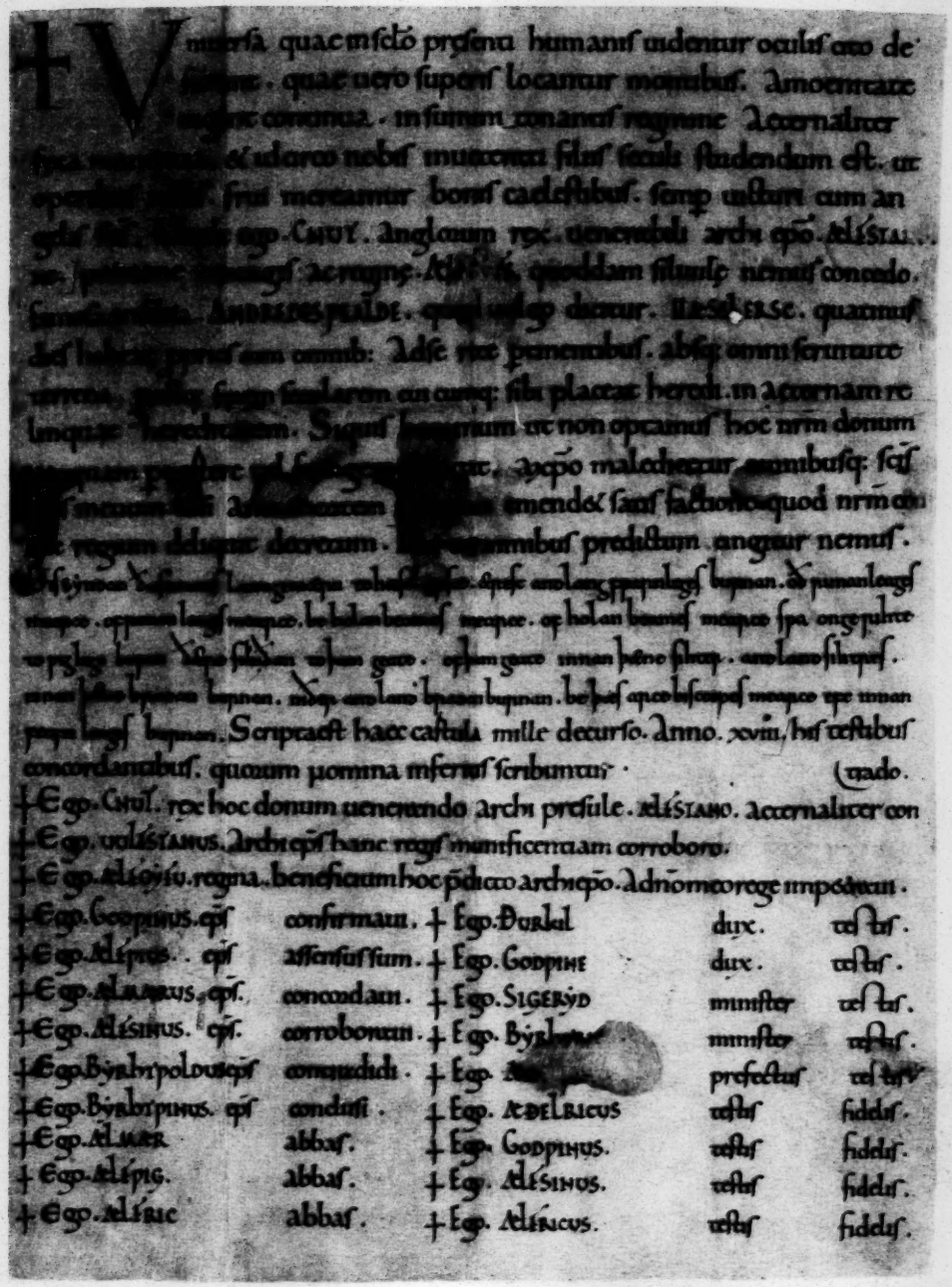


Grant by Cnut, king of the English, to Ælfstan, Archbishop [of Canterbury] of land in the forest of Andredes-weald [co. Kent]. Dated A.D. 1018, *Latin*, with the boundaries in *English*.

[*Stowe Ch.* 38.]

NYPL

Printed at the Oxford University Press.

POST CARD

THIS SPACE MAY BE USED FOR PRINTED OR WRITTEN MATTER

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN HERE

LONDON W.C. MAR 14 PM 1925

See whether you can read this — it will remind you of Kent. An orange fog here, the King of the Afghans very miserable & Dottie coming to tea.

Love V.

The Hon
Mrs. H. Nicolson
24 Brücken — allee
Berlin
N.W. 23

Germany

N. NICOLSON 7/173

Orange,
31st March. 25.

Dearest Ivy,

Are you back? At Long Barn? Happy? With the Dogs? Comfortable? Well? I can't remember how one writes. Nothing but that a heart of gold would make me write now- perched on a hard chair in a bare bedroom in a bad inn- Perhaps there will be bugs in the bed. But all the other sins have been divine. Even here, I have drunk a bottle of wine for dinner, & the world goes gently up & down in my

my head. Suppose one had wine
every day, at every meal — what
an enchanted world! I forget
the bugs & the rain as soon: I think of
Vita at Long Barn: all fire &
legs & beautiful plunging ways
like a young horse.

No accidents so far; & every
day we drive quicker. —
Will be at NYPL Carré tomorrow.
This is the way to live, I am
assure you. Driving all day;
an hour or two for lunch; a
few churches perhaps to be seen;
one inn at night: wine,
dinner; bed: off again gradually
at set Southern, & we
take off our jerseys & I am hard
to buy a silk one. One

Dots in the people playing dominoes in the cafes; or one rides on a mountain, & I sit on a stone. & L. tries to Discover why the umbrella looks at the rose.

But these travellers letters are too dull; & I've lost all touch with language; am a revolving brute, merely; a creature who sits & hours a day looking out the window.

But we must do this together one day, Vita, my dear; when I am, as I think all my friends are, a myth, something I dreamt.

I buy a new book at each town, & read it in bed. I'm extremely well. I've not been a paper or had a letter for a week. So it is a nice proof of my splendid that I find my mind settling on it, like a butterfly on a hot stone.

The day before I left I read in the Times that I had won the most insignificant ridiculous of prizes — but I have heard nothing more; so it may be untrue. I don't mind — for with laugh rather wry.

We shall be back on the 17th.

I wish wait from Cann:
This is ~~the~~ merely the bubble of affection, which is stupid & inarticulate, but true from Potto's heart. Tell me if you are fond of me; about your mother — pray for she don't come to knock — & how you writhe anything[2]. Tell me everything. My mind is like a dog, unreflecting even in what its facts are slowly turned. I'm not allowed to drive. All the finest trees are out. Pink, red, white. But this pouring love.

V Virginia

ah right. Come then: be enchanting:
There is only to say your d-d wine
merchant hasn't sent our wine,
so would you let me BUY it
for a bottle of Chablis?

BUY I say. BUY

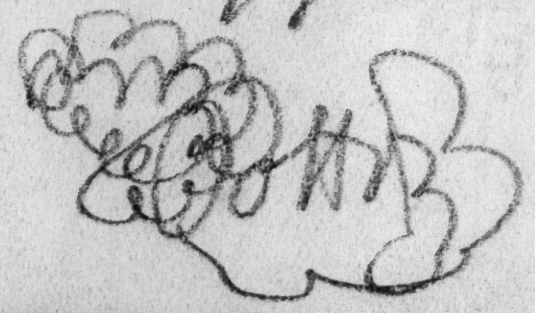
Your Virginia

Dont be later than 4
please. or I'll have to go
into Lewes without you.

We ate steak fun — we want, must do
this together.

Wednesday
April 11th 1928 Auvillar.

We are on our way back, & have been up in
the mountains, skirmished upon, ventured
3 times, changing wheels in snowstorms in
pitch darkness on the edge of precipices —,
have come 130 miles today & I'm very
sleepy — but extremely well — & rather
happy. This is to say with you come on
Wed on you can & bring Pinker — let me
know to Tavistock Sqre. We expect to get
there on Monday night. No engagements so
far — all days, all meals at your service.
Yes — you have recovered the death of Orlando:
but as I must re-write him entirely, he's only
suspended, not dead.

Yes I do want to see you — Yes I'm very
fond of you — Yes — yes yes. Potto is here

there! Good night —

Virginia

Tel: 2621 Museum.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Friday

Orlando,

I think I must tell Eddy about you. What do you say? He is so passionate about Knole & Sackville. I feel it awkward to spring the whole thing without warning. Would he keep it secret? Let me know what you think. I am seeing him on Monday. I'll tell him myself, if afraid.

I hear Mrs Nicolson & Mrs Woolf have done offend on Wednesday by coming to the play dressed as if for a funeral. Such it was my funeral. High hat now with me an eloquent letter of affection & regret — says he was stunned. It must be a man of the tenderest heart, as so I've told him.

Life flows on — Oh Lor! what a lot of people I've seen.

And you're alone listening to the Nightingales — damn you — work-

Mary — Yr Virginia

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621

Dear Eddy

The new phrase I have of Sinclair Lewis's books is Cafeteria. Your life is merely the Daily Mirror in action - I've seen that caravan a dozen times — & you might be dining here alone with me this minute.

Very well: I will be at the place at the time punctually a Monday. Will you dine here, & so eat, & eat on, as you like afterwards - I bring alone again!

A Chop will be ordered for you.

If Harold would dine a Wednesday next, probably he would meet Tom Eliot — if he would send me a word by you.

Yr Virginia

Love to Dottie, whom I hope some day to see.
Please find me a house, not in Cornwall, Wales, or the Hebrides.
Eddy says he is sending me a book of his own poems.

June 1928

Monks House
Sunday
(the first day of the year)

This is to say that we expect
Harold to dine on Wednesday, 7.45:
& Vita to come in afterwards,
& to bring the photographs of
Orlando in breeches. And
are you making an appointment to
be penetrated on Friday? And
I'm alone Friday night.
I will ~~look~~ briefly sketch
3 moods of horror: Raymonds'
lunch party - pretty desperate;
Sibyls tea party; Then
Rose to dinner — incredibly
disillusioning & terrifying —
for I think I shall be like that

& I thought her awful: so cheap peevish - petty: & then you come in & say she's to go to Raymond: & I think what a damned snob Raymond is - how I detest his hair & his clothes - so when you call in the morning I'm furious, not with you, with Raymond: & so, when it comes to saying to his party I say I'm tired when I'm really furious - & there are my moods, only very much more violent: & I can't bear seeing people any more; & that I should like to see you - And it's divine here, but the field is cold, & we've seen the Byng Campers who are very contrite & the races begin in the meadows tomorrow, & we go up by motor at dawn on Tuesday, with the mist on the ground & you asleep. V.

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62